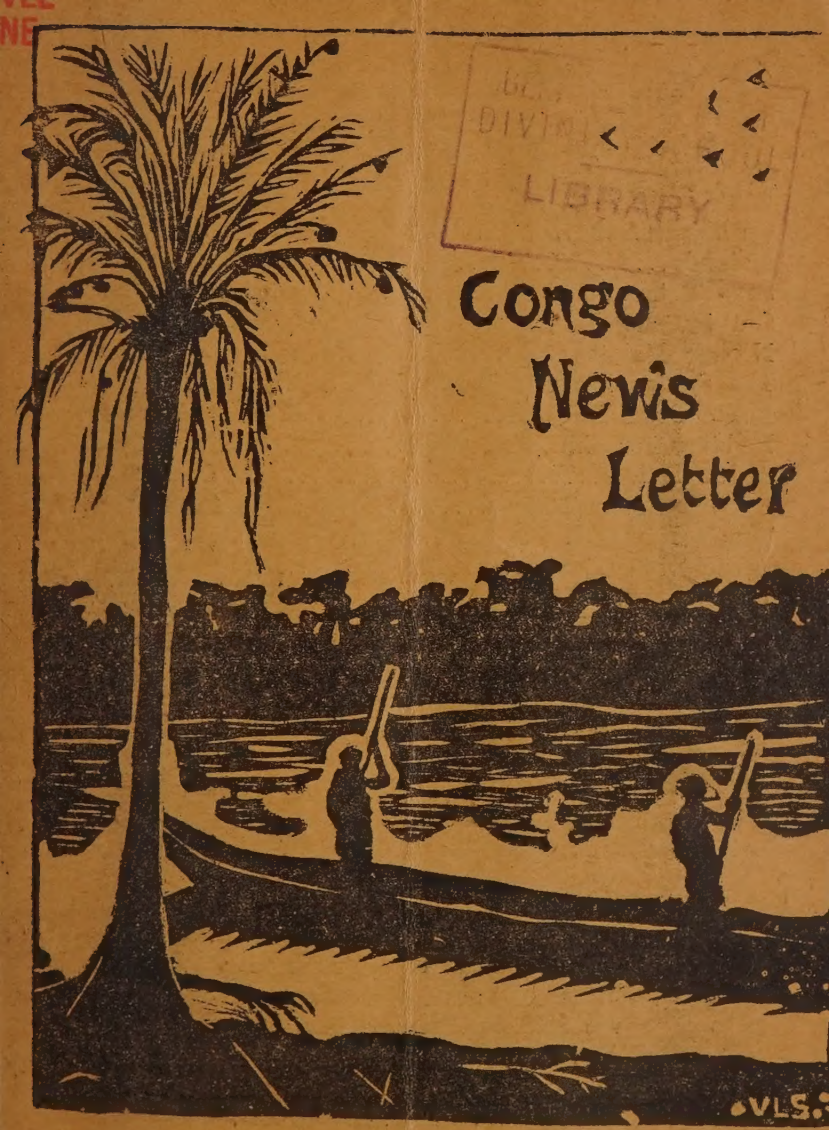

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Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXIX January 1938 No. 1

ON THE MARCH

Home secretaries, and especially state workers, are on the march during a good part of the summer and often missionaries on furlough are on the march with them. Missionaries on field duty sometimes do some marching during the same time of the year, which is for us the cool dry season. I have heard it said that Congo missionaries are entitled to a month's vacation each year but I have not heard of very much which any of them have done about it. Cottages by the sea or lake are not in evidence and the much talked of Mission Rest House does not seem to materialize. However, some of us get a change of work and scenery which may be said to be a vacation.

After finishing in May the work of the Station Boarding School and after attending the meetings of the Reference Committee which were held in Leopoldville we began a series of special meetings, holding one each week for twelve weeks. Field and village visitation, a very important part of our work, is of necessity, due to understaffing, greatly neglected. These special meetings take the place in small part of village visitation and bring the missionaries into contact with

the leading native workers and the field work of the the district.

This year for the first time we were able to use the mission truck to good advantage in attending these meetings. We traveled by truck from the station to the places where three of these meetings were held and part way to all the other places. In addition we traveled by motor boat, dug-out canoes, hammock, push-push and by foot. For years to come many villages will have to be reached by foot over narrow paths, over steep hills, and through swamps and forests. We had the pleasure of initiating Miss Grace Cooper, who had been with us throughout the school year, into this kind of work which is always interesting to a newcomer. She was with us in five meetings before going on to Kikongo. Dr. Mabie of Kimpese was with us in three and Miss Bonar returned from furlough in time to attend five.

Since we have little opportunity for itineration apart from these meetings we try to make the most of them and do intensive work. It is a happy time for the people of the church who enjoy the association and the fellowship and the opportunity for united consideration of church problems. These were originally called "matondo" (thanksgiving) meetings but in this field they are now called "kintwadi" (fellowship) meetings, emphasizing the fellowship which we have with each other and with Christ and which appears only in small part in special thank offerings. Eleven are district meetings (Association) and the twelfth, held on the station, is a representative meeting of the entire work of the entire field (State Convention). Although everybody is free to attend the latter yet

five delegates are chosen from each district in order to make sure of representation from all the districts. Every effort is made in these meetings to instruct, inspire, encourage and help. Hotel and restaurant accommodations and meals by the women of the church and lodging in homes are not provided. The natives for the most part must provide themselves with food and beds and often sleep out of doors on mats or freshly cut grass or banana leaves spread on the ground. Missionaries provide themselves with camp cots which they set up in native huts or out of doors as they may prefer.

Time and space do not permit of a detailed report of these meetings. The printed programs which were followed show the following:

Prayer and praise
Scriptural instruction
Reports of work
Statements of needs and problems
Resources available
Thank offerings
Special meetings for women and children
Examination of candidates for station and district schools
Singing contest
Baptisms
Preaching service
Communion

In all the district meetings but one there were baptisms ranging in number from three to seventy-five.

One event of special interest and significance in the district meetings was the setting apart of a young man who graduated from the station school in May

for work at Vanga. For some time Mr. and Mrs. Robbins had been asking for a native teacher who could help them in the study of Kikongo (the approved native language for our mission) and in the work of the station school. The request and need were made known to several graduates who did not seem to see in them a call to go. Some young men who were willing to go had wives who were unwilling. Friends and relatives objected, etc. So it was not until the ninth of the series of meetings was being held that a young man was found who was willing and ready to go. Although there was great need for him in his own district yet the church gave its consent and blessing and on the Sunday he was set apart in an appropriate and impressive service. A few days later he set out alone to travel by foot, train and river steamer to Vanga where he now is.

In the meeting here on the station the time proved to be too short for the careful consideration of the problems and needs of the entire work. Heretofore the people have been set on rushing off as soon as the appointed time for closing came. In this meeting for the first time there was a tendency to remain over and many did stay an extra day for the consideration of unfinished business and even went so far as to say that the time for these meetings should be extended. This, together with a brief mention of some of the business attended to, may tend to show that the native church is on the march.

In the station meeting total abstinence, the first rule in the Banza Manteke Church, came up for reconsideration. The original rule applied to palm wine only, which was the only intoxicating native

drink of that time. Since then natives have been to Matadi and other centers and have seen white people, even priests, drinking beer and other drinks which are even more intoxicating. The question naturally arose as to whether or not the rule regarding palm wine, a native drink, applied to these drinks which came from abroad and were being used by people who were supposed to be more enlightened and superior. After discussing at length this question it was decided that the original rule should apply to these drinks. In more recent years the natives have begun to use oranges, bananas, sugar cane, corn, etc. in making drinks, some of which are even more intoxicating than palm wine. These drinks, which are less expensive, are in demand, and there is a ready sale for them in the native markets and elsewhere. The original rule not only prohibited church members from drinking palm wine but also from buying and selling it. In accord with the tendency and spirit of the time a more liberal attitude is beginning to prevail and some of the younger people of the church are ready to insist that the original rule should apply only to palm wine and drinks from abroad. Some felt that the sale and use of these drinks should be permitted since they afforded an apportunity for making money with which to pay church dues. In the heated and prolonged discussion which took place some contended that the use of such drinks in moderation should not be prohibited and only those who got drunk should be disciplined by the church. However, when the time came for a vote, which was by roll call, the decision was unanimous for making the original rule apply to all drinks

which are at all intoxicating.

One event of great significance which was consummated in the meetings was the raising by the native church of two thousand francs for work amongst the unreached peoples of the Kwango area of our A.B.F.M.S. field. This was given by many people in small gifts and in addition to the regular and thank offerings, the latter of which amounted to over five thousand francs. The native church is supporting entirely its village and field work and is heavily burdened at the present time with trying to make suitable provision for regional schools which call for buildings, equipment, supplies and well trained teachers, all of which call for money. If they had been entirely selfish as they are sometimes supposed to be they would have excused themselves from contributing to anything apart from their own work. Reports had come to them of the degradation and need of these people who are without the Gospel and their hearts responded not simply with beautiful words of sympathy and unavailing prayers but with small gifts which amounted to about sixty-five dollars. They had contributed before to two of our station school graduates who were assisting in the work at Moanza. Now, as soon as arrangements can be made, they will have a full time worker of their own and a work which from their point of view is truly foreign since it is for people who are far away and not of their own tribe and kindred.

Other important decisions were made. For years we have felt the need of buildings and equipment which would enable us to prepare and serve food to our station boarding school pupils. As it is we give out to each one a portion of raw food daily and each

one must prepare it as best he can and eat it when he has time or sees fit to do so. It seems to be useless in these days to ask for mission funds with which to supply such needs. For some years the native church has had a reserve fund which at one time exceeded thirty thousand francs but which is now less than ten thousand francs. It was decided to pay from this fund the expenses of delegates who attended the meeting of the Native Council in May; to give two hundred francs to aid a little group of native Christians at Lufu, the nearest railway station, who are trying to raise funds to erect a church and school building and a teacher's house; to give eight thousand francs towards the erection of a dining hall and to hold the rest in reserve for aiding the sick and aged and for meeting other expenses for which no provision is made. Provision was made for sending letters to absent members of the church who are scattered far and wide. Four delegates were chosen to represent the station and field in the next meeting of the Native Council. Teachers were supplied for two regional schools and for the nearby sisal plantation. Last but not least a pastor was chosen for the native church at Leopoldville, and we hope he will prove to be a great help and blessing to the people and work there where two of our good men are serving as teachers and one as printer.

J. E. Geil

There's never a burden or trial to bear,
But Jesus is lovingly, tenderly there,
With grace sufficient and strength divine,
For I am His and He is mine.

MATONDO

A Matondo, especially in the Sona Bata field, is a sort of mixture of Baptist Associational gathering, Methodist camp-meeting and school-day at the county fair. The women come with babies on their backs and a bundle of food on their heads; the men with their books, and perhaps a little food, tied up in a bandanna handkerchief; the school boys from each church-school arrive with a blare of noise and dust. Their fife and drum bands are almost entirely home-made instruments: the drums of hollowed sections of a tree with antelope skins tied over the ends, the flutes of bamboo, the cymbals usually kettle lids, and the triangles of any old piece of iron. Almost all the tunes played are hymn tunes.

Around the campfire at night and in the palm-branch tabernacle in the daytime the Congo pastors have a preaching mission for their people. Many of the pastors are able orators, holding their audience with Bible truths, apt illustrations and folklore stories in such a way that the missionary sometimes envies their command of language and aptness at presentation. To make the spiritual real to their hearers they present a material picture. God is a Spirit, but when he locks Noah in the ark you see him pictured as a man turning the key in the lock, putting the key in his pocket and then going off into the spirit world.

They also make Old Testament characters live in Congo. In preaching on Lot's wife she is pictured starting out bravely determined not to look back, but as she goes on her way she recalls the bunch of bananas, the peanuts and the cooking pot left in her

kitchen. She and her husband would go hungry in a strange town! She simply must go back and get these things. Suiting actions to his words the preacher turns his back to the audience and for nearly a minute stands stockstill, letting the pillar of salt episode sink into the minds of the hearers. Both in their sermons and in actual church discipline sinners are handled without gloves; but when they come to talk about Christ, his sufferings and sacrificial death, the tone is entirely different.

The Matondo gatherings this year in the Sona Bata field were very encouraging. For several years there was little money in circulation, teachers were poorly paid and many were leaving the work. The offerings, 7,500 francs, were 90 percent above last year. Thus we were permitted to raise the pay of pastors and teachers and at the same time reduce the amount of foreign money used for the work of the church. 239 were baptized during these meetings, making a total of 499 since the beginning of the year.

P. A. MacDiarmid

SONA BATA TO MOANZA

Not by aeroplane, or by caravan as of many years ago, but in a Dodge bright and new just out from America. The roads that are heavily lined on maps turn out to be widened jungle paths, and assured bridges turn out to be shocking results of very feeble efforts. On the other hand, the great rivers have ferries that are fairly substantial, even though one drives on and off the barge with fear and trembling.

The Sona Bata friends gave us an enthusiastic send off with blessings and lots of good things to eat. The first part of the journey was in company with the Moons, who were scheduled for six institutes to be held in the Kwango territory, and was very pleasant indeed. The third night we slept at Popokabaka, and up to that point the road was good for a Congo road. Each night we had a service in the village where we camped and the people were pleased and showed a fine spirit. Between Popo and Kenge the road was heavy, with continual climbing for hours and in low gear. Finally we got on the plateau and ran into what threatened to be a terrible storm, but it soon settled down to a deluge of rain and got quite cold. When we neared the Wamba River the clay road was badly washed and rutted. Our men did some very clever and intricate manipulating to keep all tires on the ground, to keep from going over the bank and down the precipice, and most of all to keep going. A suggestion was given once in awhile, though not needed or heeded. But that is the way of women, even in Congo.

At Kenge we were met by Mr. Armstrong to be taken in the little mission boat to Kikongo on the Wamba River. We slept the night at Kenge, then left the two trucks in the care of a white trader who is very good to travelers. We started out early the next morning and had a quiet but busy time swatting tse-tse flies and keeping off the sand banks. We surprised an elephant getting water at the river's edge. When he saw us he walked off, but instantly two others came swaying along and we were glad that we were near enough to see them but far enough

away not to be attacked. There were groups of monkeys swinging in the trees and flocks of vampire bats over head. We reached Kikongo just as the sun was going down.

Many nice things can be said about Kikongo — the rapid development of the work and abundant evidence of untiring effort on the part of the missionaries. Our only sadness while there was to see the clay floor where the Smith house stood before it was struck by lightning and burned down It was because of this tragedy that the committee arranged for Mr. Atkins to go to Kikongo at this time to help and advise in this emergency. A week later we returned to Kenge and resumed our journey in the Dodge. And the worst was yet to come.

We left Kenge in a heavy rain storm which continued all the way to Kobo. We got into no end of trouble with soft clay and sank fender deep several times, but the worst accident was when a culvert broke in under us, and most miraculously we were kept from going down by a part of the broken log wedging itself under the front axle. In each of our predicaments it happened that men were passing by and, though they stand and gaze, understanding nothing at first, in a little while they turn to help — lift, pull or push, whatever the order may be. When still several miles away from Kobo we got badly stuck and as night was falling fast decided to leave the truck and walk. Some men carried our cots and a few things. By the time we got to the village there was a group of people out singing a song of welcome. We were tired, but washed up quickly, had two cookies a piece and a glass of milk

and then entered the church where a crowd awaited to hear the Wonderful Words of Life. It was a mysterious arrival and even the catholics buzzed around and eagerly helped set up our cots, etc.

The next lap of the journey was a gradual climb, and the Dodge lived up to her reputation. At Kalonda we crossed the ferry with the aid of two white men, one a trader and the other an official from Mazamanimba. The trader treated us to ice cold limeades and how refreshed we were. We stayed but a short time as we wanted to press on to sleep at Nzombe, an outpost of Vanga. Along this part of the trip we sailed over the road at about 45 per hour, and what do you think we found at Nzombe? One of Mr. Moon's trailers.

After a fairly good night's rest we started on our last day's journey. According to the map it seemed as if we should get to Moanza early in the afternoon. By noon we were within 25 miles of our destination. We were wholly unprepared for the mountain ranges—up and down, around and around, then up and up and down and down, around short corners and down into ravines only to climb again and again. Just at sun down we came to a bridgeless stream. As we were assured by the villagers that Moanza was not far, we decided to walk. And again we left the truck by the side of the road, but with fear and reluctance, for the natives like to unscrew and cherish little bits of bolt, or screw. After about eight miles of tramping we finally arrived at Moanza and were welcomed by both missionaries and natives. We were tired, hungry and discouraged. After baths, refreshment and a night's sleep we saw Moanza by day and found that we are

really located within a 30 to 40 mile barrier of mountains. And so our journey ended: Defeated, because we were not able to drive in to the station, but with praise and thanksgiving for a safe trip over 550 miles in the heart of Africa.

Gwladys A. Atkins

OUT BY THE EAST

Aided and supported by the Congo Protestant Council and at the definite request of most of the Missions visited, Mrs. Coxill and I were able, while leaving Congo for furlough, to cross Africa. We travelled from one to another of the links in a Mission chain across the Continent. We followed a route that ran almost directly from West to East, from Leopoldville to Mombasa.

Previously we had been able to see much of the splendid chain of stations forged by the British and American Baptists, by the Svenska Missions-forbundet and by the Christian and Missionary Alliance from the West Coast to Leopoldville. Now we were able to follow the chain through the American Presbyterian stations of Luebo and Mutoto; through Lusambo where the Westcott (Brethren) Mission is at work; through the stations of the American Methodists, Wembo, Nyama, Minga and Tunda; through the field of the Evangelization Society of Africa Mission and their station of Kama; on to Mushweshwe, by Costermansville, where the Unevangelized Africa Mission has a station; then to Uvira on Lake Tanganyika where is one of the stations of the Mission Libre Suédoise.

It is but a very few kilometers from Uvira into

the Belgian Mandated Territory of Ruanda-Urundi. Here among the rolling hills of this thickly populated part of Africa were stations for us to visit of the Friends Africa Gospel Mission, the Mission Baptiste Danoise, the Mission Libre Méthodiste, Société Belge des Missions Protestantes and of the Ruanda General and Medical Mission (C.M.S.).

Leaving Ruanda by the north we were privileged to see something, in and around Kampala in Uganda, of the well established work of the Church Missionary Society (British). Thence, passing by train through Uganda and then Kenya, where several Protestant societies are now working, we arrived at the East Coast at Mombasa.

The whole journey was intensely interesting and most instructive. We travelled, too, by ways that were both ancient and modern. Up in the air and deep in the mud. We owe a very great debt of gratitude to the missionaries who helped us over the varying stages of our journey and who so willingly, when they were able, put their cars at our disposal.

In the Belgian Congo, during the trip, we did not see many animals other than wild pig, antelope and monkeys. We saw a snake or two. In Ruanda we came upon large herds of zebra and other game and later, from the train in Kenya, we saw a great variety of animals, thousands of them, and also a large number of wild ostriches. There is an amazing amount of interesting bird life around the lakes in Ruanda and Uganda.

We learned much about the actual missionary situation in Central Africa, going out by the East. This was inevitable, seeing we visited so many stations

of so many different missions, talked with over 90 missionaries at their posts and saw such thousands of native Christians. It is impossible not to be impressed by the fine devotion and the splendid accomplishments of our missionaries. Many of them seemed to be working far beyond their strength and were facing bravely tremendous odds caused by shortage of staff and funds. More clearly than those far away they are conscious of the needs of people around them. They see wide open doors for further service on every hand and often, even though the home churches lag behind in giving their support, the missionaries, not counting the cost to themselves, seek to obey the many calls that come to them and which they know are of God. The work at every one of the stations visited was advancing. For this, we unitedly give thanks.

Before Stanley thrilled the world by following the Congo River from the interior to the West Coast of Africa there were those who looked for and prayed for the time when a chain of mission stations would stretch right across the Continent. These stations were to stem the tide of Islam from the North and witness to the love of God as revealed in Jesus Christ to the people of "Darkest Africa".

For sixty years, from countless platforms in Europe and America, men and women have been stirred to consecrate their lives and their gifts to establish these stations. Today, there is not only one chain but several and we, in our journey out by the East, followed just one of them. In Congo alone one runs north through the Ubangi and the Uélé, another follows the mighty Congo River, another cuts right across the horseshoe bend of the River, while

others run south through the Kwango, the Kasai and Katanga.

The links in these chains are very varied; some are close knit, while others are as yet so far apart that one is fearful for the gaps between them. In many places more links are badly needed. Some of the links, too, seem strong and enduring; others are still so weak that one wonders if they can hold. Will God's people be able to strengthen them before they break under the strain to which they are daily subjected? Do those whom God has called to supply either the material or the workmanship realize their vital importance in the living chain? Are they trying to connect up with others in the sympathetic way they should? Do they realize the seriousness of gaps and weak links?

Links in a Chain! Not isolated posts. Links, united one to another by love for Jesus Christ and for those for whom He died.

May God strengthen and increase the links until the chains become a net over the whole of Africa, a net strong and enduring, a net effective under the Master's leading to serve those whom He has called to be fishers of men.

H. Wakelin Coxill in the
CONGO MISSION NEWS

(We believe it is well to remind our readers from time to time of the fact that while we are one of the oldest and largest missions working in the Congo we are only one of many cooperating societies. The CONGO MISSION NEWS is the organ of the Congo Protestant Council of which Mr. Coxill is General Secretary.)

NSONGO MALATA

You have read in a recent number of the CONGO NEWS LETTER an article about Ngalula, one of our outstanding Christian young married women, who had attended the Teachers' Training Institute at Kimpese, with her husband and four small children.

I want to tell you something about her mother, Nsongo Malata, who has been my right hand woman, working with me daily for the past seven years, ever since we came here from Tshumbiri which had been transferred too the B.M.S. Helping me with the language, as seamstress in making clothes for the boys' boarding school, in visiting the sick and in my classes for teachers' wives she has been just a general all-around helper.

I first met Nsongo upon our arrival at Ikoko in 1905. Ngalula was then a babe in arms, not yet a year old. Nsongo's husband, Kambela, had been a boy of Dr. Sims, and when doctor went on furlough he sent him to Ikoko for Mr. Clark to care for, and to work for him.

Nsongo told me her life story. Her father was a great chief, one who wore the high hat with the brass plate on it. He had many, many wives and many children. Nsongo is of the Bakwala tribe. She was born at Mbokoankumu, the present chief's town. Trouble came with the government over the rubber tax and battles followed. Her father and mother and many of the other wives were killed, while children and many others fled to the dense forests, where a number died from hunger and exposure. Nsongo, with a few others, was eventually found by some native soldiers and

brought to the government post. One of the soldiers had selected Nsongo to be his child wife and asked his white officer about it. No doubt that would have come to pass, but one day Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark, with a couple of other missionaries, visited the state post and, having heard about these children, asked the officer if he would permit them to come to Mrs. Clark's boarding school for girls at Ikoko, that they were too young to be maried. The three girls were called and told about it. At first they were very happy, then a bit timid as to what it all meant.

Nsongo was a mischievous child and bad tempered, but the love, patience and perseverance of the missionaries soon won her heart. It was not long before she became the nurse girl for the missionary's baby. This made her very proud and happy. When anything went wrong, though she was the culprit, she would aways try to put the blame on one of the other girls. She was alert, quick and snappy, and learned readily anything taught her. She was married to Kambela quite young. Ngalula was their first child, then Joseph, named after Mr. Clark, then a daughter Kamasai, and another Ana. All the daughters have been trained in the girls' boarding school under Mrs. Clark, Miss Oden and Miss Eldredge; and Joe was a personal servant of the Clarks for some years.

The daughters are wives of teachers and all are out serving the Lord at some of our out stations. Ngalula and her husband have been given charge of the educational work at Ikoko. The mother is with me and continues to serve the Lord, as well as caring for the son who is subject to epileptic fits. What

a record for one Congo Mother, to whom the Lord can say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant", and to the missionaries who had the love and patience in sewing the seed into the hearts of this family. There are many others here in Congo: children of the Dawn taken out of darkness, superstition, fear and witchcraft and brought to the light of God's love and grace. Is it worth while to continue to send out missionaries for work among women and girls?

Kathryn A. Metzger

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1893—

DIYALA THE THIEF: After prayer meeting one night, the boys saw a person wrapped in a cloth following them. A boy screamed and we hurried out to find that the man had disappeared. In a few minutes the boys shouted, "Diyala, Diyala is breaking into Mr. Nelson's store-house". So Fred and Mr. Nelson ran after the thief. He had been to our place before, stealing, and now he was away again. One boy who tried to catch him had to let him get away, but hung on to his loin cloth, as a witness against the thief. Diyala was caught and brought here. A man followed behind with a gun over his shoulder. The boys thrilled by the sight of this professional thief caught, were glad to know he would be punished — theirs was a kind of righteous feeling with no pity in it. Every boy hit the thief on the shoulder and mocked him. His hands were tied with rope behind his back. Fred had once helped him to leave the district, and had forgiven him, but he had come back. So Fred

wrote a letter to the Belgian sergeant to send soldiers to take Diyala to Stanley Pool. While we were waiting, one of the old chiefs came up, rejoicing that the thief had been caught, as he had stolen often from him and had caused wars. As we sat in the dining room, the chief said, smiling, "White man, give him to us, we will shoot him at Nkenge market". (They used to put the thief's head on a stake on his grave.) "No, chief", said Fred, "My heart couldn't do that, but I shall deliver him to the State and they will lock him up". The chief, pointing to his heart, said, "But our hearts can do it; and if you do not kill him, he will come back". The next morning six soldiers were sent to take the thief. Tying his hands and arms off they went. Four days later we heard that Diyala had escaped again.

* * * *

A YOUNG TEACHER: Since January there has been a growing interest in the Gospel. David Nsonsi, who was baptized May 15, 1892, became a boy teacher in his own village, Songololo, and proved to be a splendid fellow and won many people to Christ, although only tweleve or thirteen years of age. He gathered the boys around him and taught them to read and write. In the evenings he held a meeting for them, where they learned to sing hymns and heard him read stories from the Bible. The schools and the meetings were held in the open, as they had no house; but Nsonsi decided to build one where he and the boys could sleep and have school and meetings. To this the village boys agreed and chose a site where they cleared and leveled the ground. They cut material in

the forest and built walls and thatched the roof, just as the men build in Congo. The house was nearly finished when an old woman, by name Ma Kilumbu, who was a witch-doctor, brought a large knife and walked through the village calling on the people to come and help her destroy the schoolhouse built by those happy boys, saying, "If we permit the boys to continue their work and sing and teach, then our women will bear no more children and the village will be destroyed". The men gathered around Ma Kilumbu and the little house was soon torn down. For months I did no work in that village. One day, as I was passing through, the young people asked me to build a schoolhouse and give them a teacher, then I pointed to the ruins and said, "If you want me again in your village then you build a small house, and when it is finished I will come". It took some time for them to decide, but fourteen months after the first house was destroyed they invited me to come, for the house was finished.

When I visited them I baptized fifteen converts. One of the candidates was covered with smallpox. From this time the church grew until it had 200 members, and the former boy teacher became its pastor. At a great Matondo among those villages I told the people the story of the destruction of the schoolhouse by a witch-doctor, and then how God through Jesus Christ drew the people to the light from darkness. A woman suddenly stood up and said, "I am the woman who destroyed the house, I am sorry I did it. Now I have accepted Christ as my Saviour, and I was baptized to-day." It was Ma Kilumbu. She became a fine Christian, and having

been faithful to her heathen gods and idols she now turned and became a true follower of Jesus Christ. She has two older sisters, about 70 years old or over, whom she led to Christ. When I visit their village they always come to shake hands with me and speak of the joy they have in looking forward to seeing the Lord Jesus.

* * * *

FIRST GIRLS AT KINDZILA: The first school girls at Kindzila came in 1893. Ma Nsona brought her little daughter, Madienzi, who was seven years old. They took refuge here. It was a marriage palaver. There was a small son left in the town. The mother did not dare to go back. But little Madienzi went to bring her brother. She waited until he noticed her, and then beckoned him, silently, to come. She carried him on her back for miles, always afraid of Diyala the kidnapper, now at large in the district. What a happy reunion! These three refugees learned about God, learned to read, write and sew, etc. They became believers and were baptized and are members of our church here. Some time ago her former husband had died, and Ma Nsona was now free to marry again. Nsitakodila, one of Fred's ransomed boys from Mukimbungu, desired to marry Ma Nsona, so we made a happy Christian wedding feast for them.

Hearing that a girl had entered the boarding school at Kindzila, a man brought me two girls, Kinkela and Mfula; so I have three lovely African daughters who call me "mother". Their uncles asked me to bring them up. Now I can easily reach their mothers.

—1894—

KIDNAPPING AND WITCHCRAFT: Last year nine persons who had either been kidnapped or threatened with the poison cup or, being minors, forced into polygamist marriages took refuge on our station. Angry men, armed with guns, would come in groups to try to force Fred to give them up; but he refused to do so, and never delivered anyone to the slaveholders or witch-doctors. They dared not insist; surely God fought for us and they seemed to fear that we had some supernatural power.

* * * *

WHITE BABIES: On April 17th, little Doris came to gladden our hearts. We were grateful to Dr. Sims for coming to us at a time like this. There is no railway between here and Stanley Pool yet, just the old caravan road.

We had had many talks with the people about our countries, and had told them that all of our relatives are also white like us. It was hard for them to understand this for they thought that we had been black people and had died, but had returned to life, and that was the reason for our white color. When they heard that my baby was born, a crowd of heathen women, with only small loin cloths on, left their villages and came to the station. They did not knock, or even "cough", which is their way of announcing their visit, but opened the doors and walked into the bedroom, saying, "Tuzolele tala muana!" (We want to see the baby). Great was their surprise when they saw that she was white. One very old mama, her

overlip covered with gray snuff, begged to hold the baby. When the baby cried, Mrs. Nelson took her back again, and the women walked out and went home, telling the news to their town, convinced that white women were mothers like them, that only their skins differed.

Outside, on the ground, stood a group of men, chiefs and their attendants. Some had come from Kifwa and other villages. Because of etiquette, they did not enter, but sent for Fred and asked that they be shown the baby. I told Fred that he could do so, and to their astonishment they saw a white baby, just as we had told them it would be. (Steven Bangu, faithful aging evangelist, one of the two first converts from Kifwa, asked me thirty-one years after if I remembered the women and men who came to see Lola (Doris) when she was born. Bangu was one of that group. I said that I remembered, for WE thought that it was curiosity that brought them. He asked if I remembered that the men clapped their hands, not the way of greeting people but the way they clap when a palaver is settled. "For", said he, "we calculated that if you were white because you had been dead, the baby, who had not been dead, would be black like us. But then we decided that the white uncle had told the truth and after that we began to believe what he taught us about God and His word.") And so the Light begins to shine in their hearts.

July 17th, little Celia Nelson was born, and brought great joy to her parents and to us. These two are the only white children born at Kindzila. Dr. webb, of the English Mission, kindly came up. It was a difficult case.

M.M. and P. Frederickson

REACH DOWN DEEP

This is just a little tribute to a couple of happy Christians, the two happy servants of the Lord being Seymour and Sarah Moon. The title of the article comes from an incident that took place at a sandflea-infested trading post on the upper Wamba. The Moons' Chevvy had been parked there while we had been having an institute with some of the Bayaka village teachers in a nearby church center. Now we were back at Kenge, the trading post, and were anxious to get the Chevvy going to get loads up from the beach. But where were the keys to the car? Evidently Seymour would have them in his pocket, or would know where to find them. But they were not in Seymour's pocket, as a preliminary investigation disclosed.

However, Sarah was not so easily convinced. A slight patting on the outside or sliding the hand around was not enough. One had to be sure. So the orders came: "Seymour, do not just slide your hand over the outside, but put your hand down deep into your pockets and make sure". So down deep went the hands. Permit a slight digression. This reaching deep into his pockets is such a usual occurrence with Mr. Moon that there is rarely anything of much value left there. The service Moons gave was never limited to the appropriations they had to spend. However, this time Seymour proved his point and there were no keys. Boys were dispatched here and there, trunks were opened, and finally the keys were found. Sarah had followed her own good advice, reached down deep into her handbag and brought forth the keys.

This was onother characteristic of both of them, they practiced what they preached. They were as adventurous as two high school kids out on a summer vacation. They were so thorough in what they did that the most dependable Christian leaders we have on most of our stations are the men who were trained under them at Kimpese. They were so popular with their fellow workers that they could never get around to the stations often enough, nor stay long enough once they did did get around.

At that same Bayaka institute mentioned above, another small incident took place that is typical. Sarah had developed somewhat of a Martha complex and was speeding around from bedroom to dining room to out side kitchen and back again. If her head was getting there before her feet were, it was all in a good cause, and Sarah was having a good time. But Seymour took it in at a glance and applied the brakes. He opened up a magazine, flipped the pages over to a Scattergood story and (with the writer comfortably seated on a log) read out loud one of those delightful stories. As we were camped right in the runway in front of the dining room, we impeded progress somewhat. However, Sarah almost immediately found some occupation that required her presence at the dining room table where she could hear, but was not just in sight. An occasional chuckle rewarded Seymour, as he turned himself into a taciturn old New Englander, a fat calculating imperious old man, or a cool modern young girl as the character demanded. We had a good supper in due time without too much rushing. They both knew how to relax in the midst of a big job.

What royal good sports they were. Both of them

could "take it". I will never forget Sarah waking up in the dog watch hours to laugh at herself for refusing mattresses and blankets when she and Miss Anderson had to sleep on top of a lot of boxes and trunks in the motor boat. Cold, wet, hungry, suffering from a cold and from aching bones, she could still laugh at her own mistakes. I will not forget Seymour trying to repair the carburetor of the Chevvy out in the midst of the long grass. The grass would not have bothered any one, but the plains are infested with a species of small black sweat bee that swarm into eyes, ears, nose, hair, down inside clothing, into one's mouth if for any reason he forgets and opens it. We had rolled leaves in our ears and noses, shirt collars were buttoned up tight, handkerchiefs tied around above the shirt collars, but we had to try to keep our eyes open. Seymour would brush off a handful and go on with his work. He did make one remark: "I wish we could get the ladies out of this".

The great beautiful tropical moon comes up and turns night into day. One can sit out on the lawn and read. The fear burdened children of Congo come out of their huts and dance and sing. Only reflected light? The simile still holds. The Moons with the reflected light of the indwelling Christ passed this way, and some of the children of Congo are no longer walking in the fear of darkness. That same light is glowing from them as they in turn receive the Christ as their Saviour.

The foundation for Christian education of the Congo family has been well laid. To the few still on the job falls the task of erecting the next section of the walls on this good foundation. As we face up

to the task we are reminded of the admonition: "Reach down deep"; and we give the promise, "We will reach down deep and make sure".

B. W. Armstrong

BUILDING FOR CHRIST IN CONGO

More than a year has passed since our return to Congo and again we find ourselves building for Christ in Congoland, this time in a remote, difficult and inaccessible place. There are many ways of building for Him and our sincere desire is to serve Him with gladness, and to shew ourselves "approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed". Moanza being situated within a barrier of mountains and hills presents many difficulties, but a great deal has been accomplished and many obstacles have already been overcome.

A river steamer company promised that if a cargo of from 45 to 50 tons was assured they would run a small steamer to Moanza on the Inzia River. The Conference decided this to be the only hope for getting building materials here. And so "Our ship has come in" and with it tons of cement, iron for roofing, a wood-working machine, drums of gasolene and kerosene, tons of salt and boxes and boxes of things. It was a very exciting day for us. School was dismissed so that the children might go down and see the ship, many seeing one for the first time. They did not come back empty handed. The boys and girls carried up all the salt, and that was a great help. It was marvellous the way the freight was handled. The workmen were surprisingly obedient and in two days

time all the stuff was placed in two thatched houses which had been built for that purpose. The rains had begun and so it was not safe to leave things like salt and cement in the open, besides the things were too precious to allow them to be stolen, and there were many strangers about. Mr. Atkins counted and checked everything. Cases were opened and contents checked for breakage.

Before the steamer had left the beach, men were struggling up with burdens such as they had never before carried. Cutting the road through virgin forest had meant the felling of great trees and considerable work. About half way from the new site to the river the truck was used, but for about two miles down and down it was a venturousome fete even in a kipoy. It has taken more than one hundred men two and a half weeks to get the heavy loads up the steep hills, eight men to a drum of cement or its equivalent. Strength was wasted by native singing which was accompanied with groans and much sweating, but now everything is landed on the new site. It is the accomplishment of a seemingly impossible task.

But what about the other ways of building for Christ? Each department has joys as well as problems. Many boys and girls come to our school with ambition to learn to read and write. They are unaware of the net that is cast daily in an effort to win them for Christ. As the missionary preaches in the villages many others are caught in the net. They too must be taught how to live for Christ, and find their place in that Building that is not made with hands. And all about us are the sick and suffering, broken down and diseased, they too need the Saviour. How

overwhelming is the task! We wait with interest to know how the bricks are going to stand the test of tropical rains, but what about our converts? Will they grow and mature? One thing we know, and that with great assurance, that our foundation is strong and sure, and that He, Jesus Christ, is the Chief Corner Stone.

Gwladys Atkins

A JUNGLE TALE
THE TORTOISE AND THE MONGOOSE

Once upon a time there was a Mongoose which went and ate some magic charm for hunting by creeping up on animals. The Tortoise, who had made the magic charm for him, instructed him carefully and said, "The only taboo for you to observe is this, that you must never creep up and catch animals with claws, but only those with split hoofs". After receiving this charm, the Mongoose returned home to his village, and killed many game animals indeed.

But on a certain day the Mongoose went into the forest to hunt and creep up and catch animals, and he saw the tracks of an animal with claws. Because of his eagerness to eat some meat, he forgot his instructions and he crept up very close to this animal; and then he went and asked some people to help him catch it. After the people had spread their nets in a circle about the place, the Mongoose himself went within the circle of nets and came very near to the place where the Tortoise was hiding, for it was the Tortoise whose tracks he had been following. Just then the Tortoise made a rustling noise and he frightened

the Mongoose himself, so that he started to run, and thus he was soon caught in the net.

When the people saw that an animal had been caught in the net, they did not trouble to look carefully to see what it was until after they had speared and killed it.

A person should be careful to follow instructions and observe a taboo which is given him.

The Drum Call

(The Drum Call is the official quarterly of the West Africa Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.)

KIKONGO NEWS NOTES

The tithers' club has been having its meetings, and the members are happy in their fellowship with each other. Several new ones have qualified for initiation, that is, for three months or more they have given at least a tithe of any money they may have received, either in wages or for produce sold. At the latest meeting they gave two hundred francs of their "over and above money" (money that is given on top of that which is written on their church tickets or given in Sunday School) to start buying roofing iron for an eventual brick church. Many of them are carrying rocks that will be used in the foundation of the church, and those who know how to work with carpenters' tools have undertaken to make a communion table that will be worthy of the use to which it will be put. We hope that before too long the brick chapel may become a reality instead of an ardent hope.

Before we can start on a chapel, we must erect

a hospital building, since money for the latter is on hand. Beginnings are usually difficult, and it seems to us that we have had a hard time getting materrials ready for a permanent building; but now we have a kiln of brick ready to burn that we think might be good enough to use. We have had to experiment with clay from every available source before we found anything at all satisfactory.

In November we had the best total offerings of any month on record in the Kikongo church, if we except special meetings such as Christmas or Matondo. We are glad for that. We need to see a little encouragement in the work, for there are many things to make our hearts heavy. Recently two of our best station workers had to be put under church discipline. We can not feel they are lost, however, and pray that they may "come to themselves" and come back to their Father's house. We need the prayers of Christians at home, too, for these people who are beset by temptations that are often both sudden and strong.

We have more than 300 babies enrolled in the two baby clinics now, and most of them are regular attendants, with their mothers, at the weekly sessions. New babies are added to the roll regularly, as our little mud-and-grass maternity ward is often filled to capacity, and it is practically never empty.

There will be no special Christmas celebration at Kikongo this year. Instead, we shall be celebrating the first thing in 1938. Mr. MacDiarmid is comng to visit the Bayaka churches in December, and Mr. Armstrong has gone across the Kwango to meet him and to accompany him around to the different churches. But even with a hurried trip, they can not be back

at the station before New Year's; so we are writing to our village teachers that our Christmas meetings will be held the first week in January in connection with the universal week of prayer. We are grateful for the coming of Mr. MacDiarmd, and we sincerely pray and believe that the meetings will bear fruit in renewed spiritual life among our church members, and inquirers as well.

Miss Anderson was conducting a class of Sunday School teachers one evening. The lesson was on the Flood, and one of the teachers asked what the name of Noah's wife was. Miss Anderson referred him to the Bible. When he said that it was not found there, she inquired why he thought she might know; he had the same sources of information as she had. The teacher said in a puzzled voice, "But why don't you know? Weren't you there?"

R. Armstrong

TONDO NEWS

We were delighted with the coming of Mr. MacDiarmid. His was really more than a visit for he was able to meet with two of our churches which Mr. Metzger had been unable to get to this year, because of Mrs. Metzger's poor health. One was Irebu, a government post and soldiers' camp; there he baptized ten, two of whom were soldiers. In the camp are about four hundred soldiers from the Bas Congo area. They were delighted to have Mr. MacDiarmid preach to them in their own language, to think a white teacher had come from their area and could preach in their tongue. The second place was one of our

largest centers, Bitende; there he baptized twenty-three. We were very sorry Mr. MacDiarmid could not remain longer to have seen more of our field and its schools, but we were very grateful for his words of cheer and encouragement.

Dr. Westcott with his family returned while Mr. MacDiarmid was here. Doctor had been on an exploratory trip for nearly eight weeks.

All of the staff at present are in quite good health and busy with plans for the coming of the inland teachers and the closing of schools during the holidays. Tondo missionaries send the seasons greetings to one and all.

Kathryn A. Metzger

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

We who live in the metropolis of Leopoldville are privileged in having our colleagues call on us from time to time. We recently had the visit of Mr. Carpenter and his bride. We were glad of the opportunity of welcoming Isabel to Congo, and we hope she will have many a happy term of service among us.

In the beginning of December, Messrs. MacDiarmid, Geil, Engwall, Carpenter, and Dr. Mabie were here for three days Advisory Committee. Mrs. Freas, Dr. Witt and Emily Satterberg also paid a short visit.

Dr. Yocum of the Disciples of Christ Mission was in Leopoldville the first part of December. He made the trip by plane from New York to Congo in 14 days, including two days stop in Belgium. Dr. Yocum told of his previous visit to Congo when it took

him a month to go from Matadi to Bolenge, in the D.C.C.M. field.

Mr. Hall is busy with preparations for the Jubilee Conference celebrations, and the choir makes progress every week. The school boys are clearing the river front and planting pass-palom, a dwarf grass, that will be a joy forever, and save 75 percent expense of cutting year by year.

Christmas was a happy time for us all at Leopoldville-Ouest. The school children received gifts of one kind or another. Watching the expressions on the faces of the little girls as they got their dolls and the boys their harmonicas gave us much joy. Later in the afternoon two little girls came through our yard on their way home. They went up to Harry and showed their dolls tied in a cloth on one side as their mothers carry babies.

The Christmas program this year was entirely musical. The manger scene, the angels appearing to the shepherds and the coming of the wisemen were occasions for excellent renditions by the choirs, of which the junior choir was outstandingly good. Viengele, one of the teachers, had worked hard with this choir under the able supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. The girls' junior choir sang for the first time. We look for great things in the future from them as they promise well.

A group of tiny tots, none of them over 4 years, sang and recited Bible verses. The mothers would not believe their babies were able to sing, but later it was hard to decide who was the proudest mother, the tots had done so well.

The Christmas season is over, but we still have

the Christ-child with us. May we all find much joy in serving Him throughout this another year.

Linda Watkins

TRAVELS

I want to let you know something about my travels this dry season. On August 1st I went to Sona Bata to visit my daughter who was in the hospital awaiting the birth of a child. It turned out to be a boy. On my way back I got off the train at Cattier in order to preach there on Sunday, as I had agreed with the white man. In the morning we had a very good meeting. I was very happy and enjoyed it very much, and I think the people were happy to have me too.

The Lord's work is very strong there and many people have joined the church and they gave a good collection. A good church building has been built there with money given by the people themselves, a brick building with a church bell in the tower. There is a class for children which is very well taught. In the evening we came together again and the church was full. When the pastor had preached we celebrated the Lord's supper. Ah! I was very happy in that place. They received me with great joy.

On September 3rd I left here (Kimpese) and took the train to Songololo where I was met by the mission truck which took me to San Salvador for the annual meeting (Matondo). The truck failed to arrive on the day set, however, so I had to wait over a day for it. On September 5th the truck arrived for us and we saw Dr. Sax and his chauffeur coming

to get me and also their books. When we got started we went very fast so that we arrived in San Salvador 7:30 p.m. Many people who knew me came to greet us. (I had a boy along.)

Saturday morning a great crowd came from the villages and many friends whom I have known for a long time came and we were very happy to see one another. They took me all around the village.

At 8 o'clock I was ordered to come to the administrator's office. He was not there himself, only his assistant. He asked me if I was born in Congo Belge and I answered that I was. Then he asked if I had paid my taxes and I told him I had. Then I took out my passport which I had along and showed him and he said, "All right". He also told me that when the meetings were over I could go and there would be no trouble.

Then we went to see the state hospital and we wandered about some other parts of the village. I saw many things that told me this was an old village. I also went to the B.M.S. hospital and I saw many patients there. The hospital was well built and many black people work together with the white men there and they also had many obstetrical cases. I also saw the church building and the basin inside the church where people are baptized. On Sunday morning I saw people baptized too, right in the church.

On Sunday the white man first taught the Sunday School. That white man preached a very good sermon and showed us many good things in his sermon that I was happy to learn. We were a great crowd in the church so that it was just about too crowded. In the afternoon I preached but I didn't preach very

well. You know how difficult it is to preach in a great big place that you are not used to. It is very hard to be able to preach a real good sermon. In the evening we men stayed outside and the white man preached again and his sermon was very good. We also had communion in the evening. A huge crowd sat down at the Lord's table.

A Portuguese had killed two buffaloes and he gave a whole buffalo to the people in the meeting. Many, many Portuguese also came to the meetings. One Portuguese is even teaching in the school. Ah, I had much joy and surprise in store for me at San Salvador.

Monday morning at 8 o'clock we watched the young men play football. We were very happy to see white and black people playing together. Two o'clock in the afternoon we watched the school children doing gymnastic exercises. Both boys and girls did very well and were very happy and so were we all. At that time we were a very great crowd so that no house could hold us but we had to be outside with our meeting.

At 7 o'clock in the evening we were shown many pageants, both from the Old and the New Testament. Ah! we were very, very happy indeed. The Lord's work which I saw at San Salvador gave me much joy. But one thing made me sad — the absence of young teachers. There were many teachers present but they were all old.

We left San Salvador on September 10th and came back to Songololo where we took the train to Lufu and from Lufu we went by truck to Banza Manteke. There we met the white people and many friends.

Very hurriedly we came back here to Kimpese September 15th because I had to be back for the beginning of school. Now school is on and we have 77 future teachers as students. I teach Hygiene mostly and also Old Testament. In the women's classes I teach the Acts of the Apostles and Old Testament and Pilgrim's Progress. We also have some young teachers, Samuel Kiundu and Pierre Ndaki. We are doing the Lord's work here but the white people have even more to do because they have to show us the way to teach.

Timotio Vingadio

NEWS FROM A NATIVE MISSIONARY

We are happy to let you know that we are in bodily health and to let you know that spiritually too we are well

When you were in Leopoldville we too were doing a very good work at Banningville. We built a chapel and examined candidates for baptism. When our missionaries returned from Leopoldville we had already built the chapel and were in the act of examining baptismal candidates. When we had finished all preparations we were ready to go down to the river for the baptism on June 27 at 2 p m.

When we went singing thru the streets the whole city was stirred up; both white and black people left their houses to come and see what we were doing. The Catholics were especially surprised to see the kind of baptism we have in our church. We baptized 64 — the joy of the people cannot be expressed in words. Together with those who were already church members this makes a church of 93 members

at Banningville.

On Sunday many came to see our communion service and they were very much surprised. When we left there were many more giving their names, saying they wanted to follow Jesus and become members of the church, and we are confident that we are going to have a large church at Banningville. We gave a thank offering to the Lord of 148 francs. Daniel Kakufi is the teacher there.

At Kinkosi we had a thanksgiving service, which gave us both happiness and sadness; 11 were expelled from church membership and 7 were received back into the church. Three were baptized. We are adding to your work as we have chosen two men to go to Kimpese for further training for the Lord's work. We are grateful and happy that they are willing to go.

The work in this country is indeed very difficult. You must pray for us very earnestly at all times, that the teachers may be willing to consecrate themselves more fully to the Lord's work. They are thinking only of making money and to wear swell clothes and excel in that way; in part they are still held captives by their superstitious beliefs and witchcraft. It is very sad, indeed!

We are happy to be in this work. In the Lord's strength the work is going to go forward. Lina, my wife, is helping at the hospital now.

I am very much in need of a fountain pen in my work as I have much writing to do; so if you will please try to get one for me I shall be so happy.

I and Mama Lina and our children send our loving greetings to you and to all our friends at Kimpese.

Tuluka

EDITOR'S NOTES

Some one recently said of the CONGO NEWS LETTER: "It is an unusual little paper; when the printing of an issue is begun the editor never knows what the finished number will contain". How true! Few stations sent "News" for this issue. We close with some interesting bits from two of our native co-workers — translations just received from Mr. Engwall and which we should have liked to have given a place farther front in the next issue had we had enough station news for this one. Timotio has been for years Dr. Mabie's faithful helper in the medical work at Kimpese. Lukula with his wife was sent out by the Banza Manteke church to work in the Kikongo area, really one of our first native missionaries.

I believe our readers realize that all printing, typing of addresses, wrapping, etc. is done by natives: one printer (that one mentioned by Mr. Geil) and school boys.

The work of some missionaries keeps them most of the time on the station, but as evidenced by the articles in this number many spend much time on the road. And did not the Good Shepherd go out into the night to seek the lost sheep? May this new year — 1938 — see many brought into the fold.

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